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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. IV.

The author appeals to the stars.—An offer.—Barclay's confusion.—Debtors, how treated in Athens, Turkey, and Rome.—Barclay's agitation.—What all Eve's children have in them.—The great sagacity of creditors.—They are well compared to the inhabitants of Cornwall.—A fair presumption that there must be a devil.—Gregory's plan to clear a house of bailiffs.

DEATH is a serious sort of a thing; it may produce a strange kind of grin on a man's face, but I don't see how it can in any way be bought to make him laugh. I say this that the reader may remember how we commenced our story, and consequently not expect any thing risible for at least fifty pages to come. However, if he is resolved to laugh, prithee let him; but mind, I call the stars and the critics to witness that I am not to blame!

"Well, my friend," said Keppel, taking a chair, and seating himself opposite to Barclay, "I have just been informed of the calamitous circumstance that has befallen us. Excuse my using the word *us*; my feelings tell me that I do not use it improperly. To you he was a good father; to me an affectionate friend: and I doubt not but that he is gone to a better place."

"He was good, he was kind!" cried Barclay, "therefore how great the loss!"

"To lose any father, good or bad, is a great loss," said Keppel, drawing his handkerchief across his eyes; "but to lose one whose mild—"

"Do not my friend," interrupted Bar-

clay, "do not aggravate my grief by telling me of the value of what I have lost."

"Far from it," said he, "I could have no such meaning. To recount his good qualities, now that he is gone to receive the reward of all his works, should not aggravate, but calm your grief. Come, Barclay; come, my friend; let us not waste our lives in fruitless sorrow. Were we to weep ourselves into the grave, we could not save him from it: then let us behave like men. Appearances, if not real sorrow, which I know yours to be, require that the management of your affairs should for the present be entrusted to another person. Let that person be me. I will discharge the office faithfully, and like a good steward."

Keppel here broke off, waiting for our hero's reply. Poor Barclay! what were thy sensations at this moment! He was determined not to destroy the good opinion his friend entertained of his father, by disclosing the horrors of his death-bed, and willingly would he also have concealed the state of fortune in which he was left. The first was possible, the last was not; sooner or later it must reach his ears. He believed that his father had died insolvent; how could he tell this even to his best friend?

The instant he pronounced the words "I am a beggar," perhaps his friend (as too many friends have done before) might turn his back upon him, and ever after shun his presence. This thought almost tore his heart in twain. To have become suddenly pennyless was a cruel blow of fortune—however, it might be borne; but to think that it might probably lose the kindness and affection of one he held dear,

not on account of his own misconduct, but because chance had deprived him of his pecuniary advantages, was scarcely supportable, even in imagination. He at length resolved to deal candidly with his

friend, but not to break it to him immediately.

Keppel, ascribing his silence during these reflections to a different cause, waited patiently till he should recover and think proper to answer him. Barclay, presently, with a forced smile, said,

"Why I suppose now, Keppel, by your offer, that you imagine me loaded with riches? But what should you say if I were to tell you that my father died over head and ears in debt?" "Poh! poh! interrupted Keppel, "nonsense." "Well, but tell me," added Barclay, "tell me now, as you are a lawyer, what would be the consequence to the deceased?"

"Why," replied Keppel, thinking to entertain and keep him in his apparent good humour, "I am but little acquainted with law, although I am in the profession, and a gainer by it. However, I will tell you what I have read of laws concerning debtors in other countries and in former times. In Athens, the creditor has a right to sell his debtor, and if he did not produce enough, his children. It is also in the law of Moses."

Barclay became very uneasy in his seat, and hid his face with his handkerchief.

"In Turkey," continued the other, "the creditor is allowed according to the debt to bastinade the insolvent debtor. Si non in ære, saltem in cœte*. Now I like this custom, and wish it was in use in England.

"In Rome, the laws of the twelve tables permitted if a debtor had many creditors, that they should divide his body among them."

As he pronounced these last words Barclay started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation.

Keppel, who thought he had all this

* If not out of his purse out of his bones.

time been diverting him, was astonished at his conduct; and, still mistaking the cause of his emotion, rose and entreated him not to give such unbounded loose to his sorrows. After some moments' delay, Barclay ejaculated—

" Why have you done this! Did you say what you have said to punish me for my want of candour to you?"

Keppel looked at him in silent amazement. " Tell me," continued he, " tell me, have you heard the worst?"

" By heavens," he replied, " I know not what you mean!"

" No, no!" cried Barclay, taking him by the hand, " you could not, my friend, and say what you did. ' Tis not in your nature to distress the afflicted. My poor father too! had you heard how affectionately he desired, with his parting breath, to be remembered to you, you would have died rather than have uttered a word likely to disturb his departed spirit."

During his speech, and especially toward the latter end, Keppel pressed his friend's hand to his heart; but remained still confused and in the dark as to the offence he had committed.

Mercy on us, that ever such a tender scene as this should be elucidated by three bailiffs! but so it is. *Le Diable se mêle de tout!* The devil has a finger in every pie; and, indeed, ever since his affair with mother Eve, there has been more or less of the devil in all her children.

Barclay was about to enter into an explanation with his friend, but, just at the instant, a violent noise in the hall, by a posse of creditors and the three above-mentioned bailiffs, rendered it entirely unnecessary. The death of a man is no sooner known (and nothing is sooner known) to the creditors, than they gather about his dwelling with all that rapidity and hard-heartedness which distinguish the peasants and fishermen of Cornwall, when some hapless vessel is wrecked upon their inhospitable coast.

At this crisis Gregory entered abruptly, closing the parlour-door as he came in. His eye-lids were red with weeping, and the tears still trembled in his eyes. His looks were wild, and yet tempered with respect for the company before him.

" Oh, my dear, honoured master!" said he, " pardon this intrusion! forgive my boldness! Now, even now, the house is full of villains and scoundrels, who come to plunder it of all it contains! They call themselves creditors, but I call them villains, d——l villains! for, while your poor father was alive, they lived upon him; but,

not content with that, they come now, as it were, to prey upon his bones. Oh, there must be a devil! I am convinced of it; for, if there were not, how could such d——l rascals receive their just reward?"

Barelay threw himself on the sofa, and made no reply. Keppel sat in the window-seat, leaning on his hand, without uttering a word.

Gregory proceeded:

" There is no time to be lost, sir; therefore do not be angry with your old servant for being so impertinent as to ask you whether you have the means to send them about their business?" Barclay looked at him, and shook his head. " Then I have!" exclaimed Gregory. " If I don't clear the house in three minutes I'll be d——d."

Saying this, he turned on his heel, and was going hastily out of the door, when Keppel, jumping up from his seat, hurried towards him.

" What are you going to do?" said he, in a low voice.

" Oh nothing," replied Gregory, (stooping on the outside of the door and taking up a large cut and thrust sword, and two horse pistols, he had brought there in case of need,) " only you leave them to me, that's all."

Keppel left the room, shutting the door gently after him.

C H A P . V .

Drunkenness and swearing.—Their merits discussed.—Fashions.—The praises of drunkenness.—A caution to girls.—A great evil incurred by sobriety.—A question from the reader, and half an answer.

I HAVE already animadverted on Gregory's habit of swearing, which he took to be the very perfection of eloquence, and the medulla of persuasion; but I did not do it perhaps so severely as some may think it deserves. However, let me say that if there be virtue in words, whatever simple oaths might be in the mouths of others, they were, if possible, virtue in his, for he never used them but to express a just indignation; and, whenever he d——d a fellow creature, I can conscientiously affirm that, as far as human foresight can penetrate, I verily believe the object of his censure was seldom in the high road to heaven.

Still must I candidly confess that it is a vile custom. It is a custom without excuse: a vice without merit. Now drunkenness has many merits and excuses. Let us take them separately. Swearing endangers a man's future welfare, without benefiting his present. It is clear, then, that it has crept in among us, like many other

foolish fashions which bring neither pleasure nor profit. Indeed, if we look to the origin of most fashions, nothing can make us feel their absurdity more effectually. I shall mention two or three.

For no other reason but because the PRINCE found it convenient to wear a preposterous pad round his neck to conceal what might be disagreeable to see, preposterous pads became the rage. In WILLIAM's time, to lack a Roman nose was to lack every thing. In RICHARD the Third's, you were nobody if you had not a hunch back. In ALEXANDER's a wry neck was *all the go*; and in PHILIP of Macedon's, to have more than one eye was quite a *bore*. The silly, not to say wicked fashion of swearing, was probably introduced by some such ridiculous precedent.

But turn we from this blasted and barren soil, to that fruitful one which yields the luscious grape and love-inspiring vine. On the subject of drunkenness, if I know any thing of my readers, we shall dwell with rapture and delight.—To begin its panegyric. Will you have it in prose or poetry? I can write any how on this head, " Prose." Very well.

HIPPOCRATES says that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows, that it must of course do him more good to get drunk daily; but I know there are many people who seem firmly persuad'd of it. HORACE next tells us that poets who drink water can never make good poetry: and ATHENÆUS assures us, that ALCEAUS and ARISTOPHANES wrote poems when they were intoxicated*. Socrates too was a clever fellow, and he according to LUCIAN, was always drunk; for in conformity to his own confession, he saw all things double. Further, let us take the word *Metho*. What does it signify? Why both mirth (the son of Bacchus) and drunkenness; so nearly are they allied. Then FLACCUS affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by KOTZEBUE, in his Benovski, where we read that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water. Beside, when are men so full of mo-

* And, " Naso, Coralleis mala carmina," &c.

MILTON ad Car. Deodatum,

EL. vi. v. 19.

The worst of OVID's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia where never vine was planted. What were ANACREON's subjects, but the grape and roses? Every page of PINDAR is redolent of wine.—It is when warme with the mellow cask that HORACE sweetly chants his Clytie, and his yellow-haired Chloe.

THOMAS WARTON.

rality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And, let me add that HOGARTH observes, that " all the common and necessary motions for the purposes of life, are performed by men in straight or plain lines; but that all the graceful and ornamental movements are made in curve lines." Such are all the movements of a drunken man; he must therefore be the most graceful of men.

It may be said indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told as a proof, that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes.—Well, I know it, and I know also that Erigone is not the girl who has been deceived by means of the grape. But, now, in opposition to this circumstance, which is so trifling, when compared with the advantages I have already stated, let me ask whether soberness has not its direful evils? Was not HERMAGORAS banished Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could ineptitude cause any thing more afflicting, and more to be deprecated, than banishment!

But after all that has been, and may be said, in favour of drunkenness, and the little that can be advanced in support of swearing, it is to be feared than many will still continue to swear, and, oh, most unaccountable obstinacy! many persevere in keeping sober.

Gregory! Gregory! thou art surely one of the former! Forgive him gentle reader, and believe me what I say, that he is not so vicious when he utters oaths as many who never use them. If this then were his only vice, would you not gladly change hearts with Gregory? Ay, but he had another. " What was it?" He was, my dear madam, (what I sincerely hope you are not) most excessively fond of,—I'll tell you by and by.

C H A P. VI.

An enigma, and rewards offered for a solution.—The author's antipathy to systems—How 'e get rid of quarter day.—Some misib proposed.—What is easy to say, but hard to do.—The Italian satirist.—Sermons not so dull as they are supposed to be.—Three anecdotes and ba, ba, ba!

NOW I'll give—no money, for I've got none to spare:—but I'll give the reader (if she's pretty) as many kisses as will make her lips as red as roses; or supposing the reader to be an abominable male animal, I'll give him,—I'll give him, this old, dry, stump of a pen, as a memento. All this, I say, will I bestow on them, if they be so kind as to tell me how Keppel acted in the affair just related, and what he did with

Gregory after he had shut the door. What say you? You can't guess. Well then miss, I shall keep my kisses and my pen to myself.

I hate systems. The division of time is one of the most unpardonable. Why must an eternal never-ending thing be degraded by being divided into such paltry things as years and months, and weeks? Why are we obliged, after every seven days we live, to have Monday again? How much better would it be to let time run on his glorious course without mincing him in this manner? And if we must have a name for each period between the rising and setting of the sun, let us have a new one, one we have not lived before. In a word, let us not for heaven's sake, be tacked to Mondays all the time of our existence! By this grand and noble way of living, so worthy of immortal beings, we shall entirely abolish quarter-day. What can be more desirable!

There is but one thing I will be bound to, and that is, to do nothing. Perhaps I shall not go on with my story in this volume, and perhaps I shall unravel the whole mystery in the next chapter. Come then, as we have got rid of the dull, heavy labour of narration, at least for this chapter, let's have some fun! Ay, but I said not long ago that you should not smile for fifty pages. It was a lie. Read my preface, I promised to tell you nothing else. Let me be consistent and chaste in my conduct, madam, I beg, though you may please to be otherwise.

It is easy to say a work wants more wit and humour; but is it, sweet critics (I call you sweet, because, as the play has it, you are sweet souls, and good natured souls, though you don't look so), is it a matter of so little difficulty to furnish them? How easy was it for me to say I would make you smile, but shall I find that facility in putting my saying in execution? Have at you however! What now, if I were to abuse the minister? Nothing is so easy: any blockhead can do it. And I know, by name, many people who would chuckle and laugh at the slander. But by Jove, madam, if I thought you could do so, my quill, worn out as it is, should no longer move in your service! Still am I as much pleased with the man who finds fault with another, as if he praised him, so that he do it honestly. But the fellows who are perpetually libelling ministers, would continue their dirty work, unless they were bought off, even though angels should descend from heaven to minister to us. They are now a days (and I grieve to say it) worse than the Italian satirist, on whom an epigram was written, to this effect:

" He satirised every body."

" No not every body,—he did not meddle w' th Ccd,"
" I'll tell you why.—He did not know him!"

Sorry am I to add, that at present, even the Almighty is not spared by men; who certainly know as little of him, as of their satirical prototype.

" Hey day! What is this the way you make us laugh?—do you think a sermon will produce such an effect?

Faith, I don't know now any thing more likely, granting that they were written a century and a half ago. For instance, I am of opinion, that MENOT's sermons, which were in his time gravely delivered, and seriously attended to, would provoke more smiles than any book written expressly for the purpose. Who can believe it possible that men, at any period, could listen, not only with patience, but respect, to what HELVETIUS† reports of a preacher at Bourdeaux, who, to prove to his congregation how much the dead were pleased whenever any thing was given to the monks to pray for them, said, " That at the mere sound of the money, *tin, tin, tin*, as it fell into the plate, all the souls in purgatory constantly set up a responsive roar of laughter, *ha, ha, ha! hi, hi, hi!* "

Why don't you join them? Look at those Agelastic‡ critics! Though I have made all the devils in hell laugh, yet cannot I move their iron muscles. I told you I'd make you smile, but I have failed. Well, what follows? I have only kept the charter contained in my preface.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

† Disc. xi, de l'Esprit.

In a note to this passage is a further proof of their monstrous ignorance in those days. A curate disputing with his parishioners about which should pay for paving the church, the affair was brought before a court and just as the judge was on the eve of deciding it in favour of the parishioners, the curate with a serious face, made this quotation from JEREMIAH—*PAVEANT illi et ego nos PANEM*. The judge instantly sentenced the parishioners to pave the church.

In the MENAGIANA is the following quotation from a sermon by CYRANO—*En cas que vous voudiez faire votre devoir de Chrétiens, il vous reste encore deux cloches (one had been broken) qui vous le prètent assez. N'entendez-vous pas qu'elles sonnent tous les jours à vos oreilles, don, don, don ? Elles veulent dire par là, devoe assistance, que vous devez faire force dons à votre curé.* p. lxxxix. tom. 1.

The point of these two anecdotes cannot be translated.

‡ Agelastic, though new, is a very proper word, but perhaps not intelligible to all. It came from Agelastes and has two meanings. The first, *one who never laughs*, and in this sense I apply it to these solemn critics. The second is, *one who never is laughed at*. Far be it from me to use it with this signification when talking of critics.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

SO fond had Maria become of the lute, that in all her excursions in the forest, it was her inseparable attendant. One evening, when the full moon had attained the zenith, and illuminated with her soft beams the dark and gloomy recesses of the wood, accompanied by Manston, she strolled to the ruins. Both were wrapped in reflection, and Maria leaned upon the arm of her companion, almost unconscious of existence. Their arrival at the venerable remains of the monastery put a period to their reverie. "Here," said Manston, "once reigned, in all the pomp of monkish pride, the abbot of this monastery, possessed of despotic authority within the narrow limits of his empire. Here he wasted in degrading indolence, his days; and here he resigned that life which he had ostentatiously devoted to the service of his Creator, and mingled with the mouldering soil." But was not his life comparatively happy to that which is spent in the hurry and tumult of the world?" "No," said Maria, "unless he had tasted the cup of misfortune, or had experienced the frailty of human happiness; unless he had known that the fair visions of hope were but the frolics of an exuberant fancy; that the pleasures of this world were transitory, and while he thought the fairy form of felicity was within his grasp, it eluded his pursuit, he must have desired to enjoy those pleasures, which, to those who have never witnessed their fallacy, the imagination paints in such alluring colours." A silence ensued, till Maria touched the strings of her lute, and roused Manston from his reverie. She sung a hymn to the Deity, accompanied by the lute, in a manner that evinced her perfect knowledge of music. The melancholy recluse gazed upon her with a peculiar expression of countenance; it revived painful recollections in his bosom, and he turned his head aside to conceal the tear which forced its way down his cheek. Maria was affected by the pensive manners of Manston, and she ceased playing, to indulge the tide of sympathetic sensibility which his dejection excited.

The silence and beauty of the scene was esculated for "melancholy musing;" and engrossed by their own reflections, they

ceased conversing, till the mournful inhabitant of the forest addressed his companion in a manner which surprised and pleased her—"My amiable young friend, (for so I think I may already stile you; for from the moment in which I first saw you, I felt interested in your welfare, and conceived an attachment to you: not that sentiment which the youthful votaries of romance dignify with the name of love, but a regard such as I should feel for a beloved daughter) my story is rather uncommon, and to your feeling heart may prove interesting. Early in life I was introduced at court, and my young heart bounded with pleasure at the novel and brilliant scenes that presented themselves. In me you behold the rightful possessor of the earldom of Mercia; but through the intrigues and machinations of a younger brother, who, disregarding the ties of consanguinity, and the laws of honour, hurled me by stratagem from my elevated situation, deprived me of all that rendered life estimable, and pursued me with unrelenting animosity, till I escaped his mercenary rustians, who were ordered to assassinate me, and retired to this solitude.—My father died when I was about twenty, and my elder brother a few weeks after. In consequence of his demise, I succeeded to his rank and title. I had still a brother living, from whom I derived all my misfortunes. Arthur was eighteen months younger than myself, and early distinguished himself by his ambition, his extravagance, and his cunning. His income as a younger brother, was too limited to admit of a free indulgence of his vicious propensities, and he had frequently to recur to me to extricate him from his embarrassments. Upon such occasions I sometimes represented to him his folly, and entreated him to act more suitably to his rank. These lectures he received in sullen anger, and though, as he was my heir in case of my never marrying, he was cautious of giving utterance to his resentment, yet he secretly harboured an inveterate hatred against me, for what he considered as arrogant assumptions of authority over him.—What matured his resentment into dark revenge, and occasioned in his breast the most irreconcileable animosity, was a circumstance from which may be dated all my misfortunes. Sir Adam Darly, a knight, whose estate was considerable, had a daughter, MATILDA, whose pre-eminent beauty gained her many admirers. At a tournament given by her father, Arthur, with myself, first saw her. We were mutually smitten with her charms, and both became her professed suitors. From this

moment my brother hated me as a rival, and when success crowned my love, and gave Matilda to my arms, he was doubly stimulated to blast my fair prospects of happiness. An uncle died, and bequeathed Arthur his castle and domains, which, though of considerable value, seemed as nothing to the earlom of Mercia, the possession of his hated brother, and the object of his ambition. To this castle he retired to form his dark schemes of revenge for the disappointment of his brother's hopes. Here he soon collected round him a number of mercenary wretches, who, lost to all sense of honour, and stimulated with the prospect of emolument, were fit instruments to accomplish his insidious and wicked designs.

A year passed over my head in all the luxury of gratified pleasure. In the possession of Matilda I found a fund of inexhaustible happiness—But how fleeting is human felicity,—mine faded in an unpropitious moment, and left me enveloped in gloom, wretchedness and despair. My brother, who had entirely absented himself from my castle, appeared to be sensible of the errors of which he had been guilty, and claimed a renewal of fraternal intercourse. With joy I accepted his acknowledgement, and fondly hoped he had erased from his heart every trace of those vices which had disgraced him, and I overlooked them as youthful follies. Our ages were so nearly alike, that the difference was scarcely perceptible when together; and consequently I could not claim any authority over him, nor expect any submission on his part, that was not voluntarily conceded to my superior elevation in society. This superiority, I knew was not the consequence of my innate qualities, or peculiar merit, but merely conferred by the hand of fortune. From this time, Arthur, by the most engaging manners, which he had learned to assume, insinuated himself into my confidence.—Alas! little did I think that in a brother I should find an enemy, who by his knowledge of my heart, could smite me where I was most vulnerable, and gratify, by my misery, his dark revenge. Matilda had presented me with a beautiful girl, and thus rendered me completely happy. Returning from London to my castle, we were delayed by the breaking of one of the wheels of our carriage, and our progress was retarded by the delay occasioned by the necessity of repairing it before we could proceed. Night was fast approaching, which, with the appearance of a coming storm, induced us to pass the night in a solitary inn which presented itself. As there were not sufficient accommodations, the servants who

attended us were ordered to proceed to the castle, whither Arthur, who had accompanied us, also continued his journey.

About midnight I was roused from a peaceful slumber by the clattering of horses' hoofs, and shortly after we heard a large party enter the house. This circumstance, which appeared to be rather extraordinary, together with the immediate admission they gained to the house, alarmed me, and I desired Matilda to rise, and dress herself, to be prepared against any intrusion. We were not suffered to remain long in suspense, for the door of our apartment was thrown open, and several russians entered, from whose savage countenances I found sufficient cause for the most fearful expectation of what would ensue. I demanded the reason of their insolent interruption of our repose; but was answered in a surly tone, by one who appeared to be their leader, that they had orders for so doing, and we must prepare to accompany them immediately, without wasting time in questions which they did not choose to answer. In vain were all my demands; we were hurried into a close carriage, which was in waiting, and in defiance of the storm, which raged with almost irresistible fury, we were conveyed from the inn with astonishing rapidity.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 24.

"Whene'er with baggard eyes I view
"This dungeon whicb I'm rating in,
"I think of my companions true
"Who studied with me at the u-
"niversity of Gottingen."

TO THE COMMENTATOR.

AS you have been good enough to allow me to write a number for you, I don't know of any subject that will afford more instruction than some account of my own life:—My father was worth £12,000; but this, while he lived, did me very little good, for he took care to make money confounded scarce with me. When he died, he could not help its coming to me; but he, poor soul! I have since often thought would be wretched enough, could he see with what velocity the contents of his coffers flew about the world, when they came into my possession. My money soon introduced me to the notice of some of the greatest dashers in my neighbourhood, and I felt what I thought a laudable ambition to be upon an equality with any of them. I drank, I gamed, I was profli-

gate of my money; in short, I was soon deservedly noticed as one of the gayest sparks in the vicinity. Some of my companions had painted the metropolis as the grand theatre where I should display the great talents they told me I possessed, to advantage; and accordingly I determined to go there and lead the *ton*. My mother, good soul! did all in her power to dissuade me from my design, and told me, that ruin in morals, reputation, and fortune, would be the consequence. Morality I despised, my reputation, I was confident, instead of diminishing would be greatly increased by such a step; and as to ruin, how could twelve thousand pounds ever be exhausted? I laughed at the idea; and though, as a further inducement to lay aside my journey, she told me such a step, together with my continuing to associate with such as I had selected for my companions, would break her heart, yet my friends had inspired me with *too just* ideas of my own consequence, to suffer me to yield to her persuasion, or obey her admonitions. My journey was accomplished, and I dashed with all the splendour of a first rate buck upon the fashionable world,—knocked down the watch, and gained many black eyes and bloody noses as trophies of my heroism. It is true, at first, some disagreeable sensations would steal over me; but I washed it all away with claret, and repeated the same actions again. By degrees I became inured to scenes of riot and drunkenness, and when I received a letter from my mother, couched in the kindest terms of parental anxiety, and requesting me reflect on my conduct, I threw it away with a—“Zounds! I've no time for reflections,” and sallied forth to quench the involuntary emotions of remorse it had excited, among the gay companions with whom all my time was wasted. Intelligence of my disgraceful conduct reached my poor mother, and she sunk to the grave with a heart broken by my vicious practices. The information of my mother's decease threw me into something like a reverie, and I had almost determined to abandon my companions, when some of them disturbed the tenor of my ideas. I communicated to them the intelligence I had received; but instead of condoling with me on the loss I had sustained, they congratulated me on my being relieved from a troublesome old woman, who had been continually *boring* me with her advice. They hurried me away to the tavern, where, in a state of inebriety, I lost all consciousness of the desperate situation I was in, and drowned the energetic voice of conscience reproaching me with the mur-

der of a parent. To complete my importance, it was necessary that I should have a mistress; and I accordingly set myself about procuring one. At the window of a small house in the neighbourhood of my lodgings, I had several times seen a very pretty girl, who would I thought answer the purpose exactly. I had not supposed there could intervene any possible objections to the liberal terms I intended to offer; but it eventually proved what my gay friends called a *complete bite*. To some of them I communicated my intentions, and one of them accompanied me to the door of the house where the young lady lived, and then stepped across the way to a tavern to wait the result. I had previously learned that her name was Smithson, and although the business was new to me, yet I had received such instructions from my companions how to open the subject, and had so completely fortified myself with Madeira, that I did not entertain a doubt of success. I gave a gentle rap at the door, and enquired of an old woman who appeared, if Miss Smithson was within. She told me she was, and introducing me into a neat parlour, said she would inform her I wanted to see her. In a few minutes the young lady entered the parlour, and seemed a little surprised to behold a perfect stranger. Somewhat disconcerted, I made her my proposals, to which she was about to reply, when the door opened, and a handsome young fellow entered. He appeared no less astonished at my situation (for I had, agreeably to my instructions, put myself in the attitude of adoration) than his sister (for so she proved to be) had before him. He apologized for his intrusion; but the young lady interrupted him, by telling him that he came quite opportunely, to return the gentleman thanks for the *very honourable* proposals he had been making; and immediately recited, in a few words, the substance of what I had been saying. The young fellow bowed with the greatest respect, and then grinning rather contemptuously, he begged to have the superlative honour of showing me the door—and to conclude the serious farce, fairly kicked me out of the house. In vain I attempted to bully him into better manners; he regarded all my threats no more than he would have done a parrot, and insisted upon thus thanking me for the honour I had intended to confer upon his sister. To heighten the misfortune, my friend happened to be a spectator of the *honour* done me, and represented the necessity of challenging him. This I was very lothe to do; but hoping that the young fellow would not meet

me, and seeing how absolutely requisite such a step must be to vindicate my reputation, I complied with the urgency of the case. Unfortunately it was accepted, and I had the mortification to learn that my opponent was considered an *excellent shot*. However, we met; and if he had intended to make me repent, by giving me a wound that would give me leisure to think, he could not have done it better; for his ball passed into my arm near the shoulder. The effusion of blood was excessive, and I was carried to my lodgings more dead than alive. The noise of the duel soon spread over the town, and by it I established my reputation; but a few days after the event, I was disagreeably surprized, by having a draft on the banker with whom I had deposited all my fortune, returned protested, as he had no money in his hands. This was a blow for which I was totally unprepared, and the vexation I suffered inflamed my wound. As soon as I was well, I was under the necessity of submitting to be arrested for debt; and now, as I have full leisure upon my hands, I have set down to pen my life. But as I have never been accustomed to moralizing, I shall leave it to you; and am sir, yours with esteem,

THOMAS DASHAWAY.

TOM has been so prolix that I shall be under the necessity of being as laconic as he has been verbose—and as he has left moralizing upon his history to me, I shall leave it to the reader.

J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"How fluent nonsense trickles from thy tongue!
"How sweet the periods neither said nor sung!
"Beneath thy footstool Science gynans in chains,
"And wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.

POPE.

IN truth and sober sense, indeed, Mercutio, thy professions are *sad*; and I fear that all the drowsy potions of the apothecaries' shops will neither calm your loquacity, nor improve your understanding. It is strange, nay, it is passing strange, that your abundant reading, and scholastic severity of habit should not have rendered you a more extensive assortment of quotations, than those with which you have fatigued your late learned epistle. The reader, (if any are to be found possessing the patience of Job, or the powers of Hercules; for it will require strong physical powers to undertake the task) is presented with nearly a dozen quotations from different authors, entirely inappropriate to the subject, and

introduced merely to divert the attention from the real point in dispute. But no, in your amazing penetration, you thought a dissertation on *love* and *wrath* would be the method of adjusting our difference.—Sorry I am your logical discernment is rather shallow and purblind; but there is an excuse, "poor unfortunate wight as you are," I see "Queen Mab hath been with you," and darted the fire of love into your brains, and deranged your noble seat of thought, so that your discretion cannot conceal the tumult in your breast.

"Tis true, 'tis pity! Pity 'tis 'tis true!"

However, it was not generous to shove the whole burthen upon me, and if I were in love, I should not be tattler enough to tell it so publicly.

Necessity has driven you to your last subterfuge, and now you deny "having directly or indirectly attempted to depreciate Mrs. Merry's powers." But I draw my inference from premises you have advanced; and that sanctions the charge you have vainly attempted to refute. Let the reader examine your words when speaking of the Theatrical Corps at the New Theatre—Do you not say, without hesitation, "that in the Tragic Walk, Mrs. Whitlock stands unrivalled?" Hence does it not follow, that the talents of Mrs. Merry are inferior in the "Tragic Walk?" Then in what manner will you reconcile this to your subsequent assertion? Therein you declare, that, "to depreciate this lady's talents would be disingenuous, false and futile"—Here are contradictions, which will require more than the "fainting wit" of Mercutio, or his tortured logic to invalidate. It is the last refuge of harrassed triflers, when they are closely pursued, and no escape offers, to roar out, with lusty lungs immediately, that they did not mean this and that, and the other. However, judgment and truth despise such chicanery, and even in your denial, the cloak under which you hide your unqualified assertion, one point is gained; the tribute due to neglected merit.

Again you state, "that because you praise one lady, I suffer myself to believe you traduce another, &c." Hear me, Mercutio—if you praise one lady *only*; then Mercutio, that praise having no connection with another person, does not detract from merit unlawfully. But when you speak of persons generally, as in speaking of a Theatrical Corps, it is widely different, and *deny* you cannot, that your terms were *general* and not *particular alone*. Yet to bring it home to your mental capacity,

I'll state a proposition—Suppose I were to say, that in the "Critic's Walk" Mercutio "stood unrivalled, and success depended much upon his exertions." Would you conceive, gentle reader, that there was a critic whose talents were upon an equality, or even superior to those of Mercutio? Absurd.—And would it not detract from the abilities of this person by such an assertion? Undoubtedly.

On the score of reputation, you have committed the same, I hope, unintentional blunder as before, in not attending to terms *general* and *particular*—But to gain more information on this head, I refer you to Messrs. *Watts* and *Duncan*, two expert masters of their profession, and in whose hands, logic has neither been fettered by sophistry, nor gagged by perversity.

Your other arguments (I fear it is a libel on good sense and rhetorick to call them so) are "the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy, which are as thin of substance as the air," and too puerile to merit a reply. And now, reader, "what think you of the state of Mercutio's intellects?" Why you will render Hamlet's answer, when a similar question was put to him, of Mercutio's grand-papa: "A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; who will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Adieu, my dear Mercutio, I am not angry with you, and even hold out to you the olive branch of peace, and pry'thee "let us embrace and be foes no more;" for conviction seldom stands against the will, and numbers will sooner continue in known faults, than acknowledge their errors.

HENRY.

ANECDOTE.

THE wife of Bishop Cowper, being a very froward woman, she, lest her husband should injure his health by his over much study, when he was compiling his famous Dictionary, one day, in his absence, got into his study, and destroyed all the notes he had been for eight years gathering; whereof when she had acquainted him, at which it was thought he would have been exceedingly enraged, he only calmly said, "Woman, thou hast doom'd me to eight years more study."

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE heart in one hour beats 3600 times; discharges 7200 ounces of blood, and conveys through it the whole mass of blood in the body not less than 25 times. In the space of 24 hours the whole blood in the body circulates 600 times through the heart.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY AND WEEKLY REGISTER.

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET VIII.

ON THE NEWS OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

*Grim visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—find we a time for frightened Peace to pant.*

SHAKESPEARE.

HARK! Sure ethereal symphonies I hear—
And lo! some cherub from the realms of
day, (ray,
“Glides without step” adown the solar
With some behest for our sublunar sphere.

‘Tis PEACE! she comes to claim a troubled
world, (close;
And scenes of human blood and carnage
To hush the feuds of nations to repose,
And bid War’s crimson’d banners to be
furld.

All hearts are rapture, joy thrills ev’ry vein,
To hail the golden æra from above,
Beneath whose influence harmony and
love, (shall reign—
With Science, and her offspring, Truth,
And long may be their reign, with Virtue
join’d;
Long sweet Benevolence embrace mankind!

AMYNTOR.

ADDRESS TO FRUGALITY.

[From Barr's Letters.]

O FRUGALITY! thou mother of ten thousand blessings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose and comfortable surtouts;—thou old housewife darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious, weary feet:—not those Peruvian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity, wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty and the hot-beds of profusion, produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world and natives of paradise!—Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the resplendent and adored presence!—the power, splendid and potent as he now is, was once the pulsing, nursing of thy faithful care and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, favourite, and adjure the god by the scenes of his infant

years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless—assure him that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!—pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse leech of private oppression, or the culture of public robbery!

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 5, 1801.

The Editor is requested to state, that the poem published in the 54th No. of the Repository, entitled “WINTER,” written by Miss Leslie, was never designed for publication; and that it first appeared in the Ladies’ Monthly Museum, in London, without the knowledge or consent of the author, or her parents, by having accidentally fallen into the hands of a female acquaintance, who communicated it for publication;—and that it was likewise without their knowledge, and contrary to their wish, (however well intended) that it should have been republished in this city.

OLD NICK.

It was not without a considerable degree of diffidence that we expressed an unequalled approbation of this truly entertaining and facetious story, at the commencement of its publication in the Repository. We are extremely happy, however, in being able to support and strengthen this opinion from authority that will have full weight with the public, by laying before them an extract from the LONDON REVIEW, for March, 1801, which we have just received.

The words of the Reviewers are as follow:

“This novel (though we cannot say that we admire its title) is evidently the production of a man of wit, a gentleman, and a scholar. The characters are numerous, and several of them sketched with a masterly hand. The situations are natural, and the incidents succeed each other with a sufficient degree of probability, while such a spirit is thrown into the narrative and dialogue, that scarcely a page presents itself, which does not either excite our laughter by wit and whim, or interest the finer sensations by genuine pathos.”

“The characters and manners of the present day are well delineated; and most readers will be inclined to make applications of different portraits to supposed originals.”

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMATICAL LISTS
OF YOUNG LADIES IN OUR LAST.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

8. Miss Lohra.	9. Miss Vansise.
10. Miss Ash.	11. Miss Inskeep.
12. Miss Budden.	13. Miss Poynett.
14. Miss Harbeson.	

OF GERMANTOWN.

1. Miss Forrest.	2. Miss Sawyer.
3. Miss Billmeyer.	4. Miss Fromberger.
5. Miss Blair.	6. Miss Shippen.
7. Miss Sommer.	8. Miss Bringhurst.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMA.

THREE sevenths of humorous wit’s keenest dart, (heart;
And a word to begin an address to the
Two thirds of a gay blooming portion of
spring, (a king.
And a fond father’s pride from a clown to

* * * The remainder of “A Subscriber’s Enigmatical List” will be given in our next.

Marriages.

MARRIED... In this City...On the 8th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. John J. Palmer, Druggist, to Miss Mary Gregory....On the 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. John Wheeler, to Miss Rebecca Blackledge: And on the 4th inst. Mr. John E. Biddle, to Miss Elizabeth Wright. ..On the 3d inst. by Dr. Greene, Mr. James M’Kean, merchant, to Miss Anne Ramsay.

.....At Trenton, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. John Mallin, to Miss Sarah M’Nair, both of Philadelphia.

DIED, in this city, on the 24th ult. Mr. Thomas Read, son of C. Read, esq.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Manners and Good-breeding,” in order to prove him self possessed of these accomplishments, must learn to tell his story in a handsomer manner.
“N’s” Enigma has not the answer affixed.
“T. W de la Tienda’s reply to L’Allegro is received—we hinted to the parties last week that their “reports courteous” had become irksome.—His answer to J. C. is also received, but cannot be inserted. The editor has no objections to a discussion of the question, whether Urania may be considered as a patroness of sacred music? but the writer of the answer, besides being far too prolix, has unfortunately mixed his remarks with reflections on a particular society, irrelevant to the subject, which ought to be treated only in the abstract. These reflections are evidently calculated to revive a controversy, respecting which the public have already made up their minds; and on this account the piece is inadmissible. “Ode to Innocence,” and “Juventus Robus,” will appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

OR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

If you think the following lines (occasioned by the loss of a dear infant) may prove consolatory to some other parents who may also have been bereft of the darling of their hearts, and the sweet pledge of mutual affection, you will please to give them a place in your amusing and instructive Repository. I can assure you, reflections of this kind, have often proved a comfortable cordial to my mind, in some of the most trying seasons of my life—to see an infant struggling in the pangs of death! to bear its piteous moans! and at that moment feel the tender ties which knit the parent to the suffering dying offspring, is not one of the least. It gives a sensation to the feeling mind, which none but those who feel can know, and which those who feel cannot express.

CONSOLATORY REFLECTIONS

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,

AGAIN the clarion sounds the dread alarm!

An summons from the earth my infant son!
Again the shafts of death impetuous fly!
Nor miss their destin'd mark; so truly aim'd.
Hail, awful messenger! sent from above,
Altho' severe thy stroke—thy errand's love;
What too! my peace be for a moment slain?
Heav'n will in kindness heal the breach again;
Pour in its consolations to the wound,
Hence cause my present grief with joy t' abound.
'Tis but resign to God's all-wise decree,
And I shall find it right, whate'er it be:
Infinite Wisdom can in nothing err,
Tho' He his gifts withdraw, or more confer;
Infinite Love, and Goodness, can't bestow,
Aught but the greatest goodness on man below:—

Tis finite knowledge errs;—to estimate
Thing: evil—destin'd by unerring fate:
For all apparent evils by the wise
Are estimated blessings in disguise.
*This thought will reconcile the greatest ill,
And with content and peace, our bosoms fill;
*Twill soften all our anguish, cares, and pain,
And check the impious thought that would complain.

R. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO POLLIO.

*Tu ne quereris (scire nefas) quem nibi quem tibi
Finis Di dederint.* Hor. Ode xi. B. 1.

WHY shoud my Pollio anxious fears possess? (row?)
Our minds enquiring, what shall be to-morrow?
Such knowledge surely could not make them less; (row)
But point their stings and antidate our sor-
If pale mishap should hold her hid reign,
And us subject to sighs and aching pain.

E'en shoud the laughing joys, and pleasure band (join-
The light-h'ld loves, and winning graces
To bring Aurora, blushing, hand in hand,

With all prosperity's bewitching line;
Yet—half their relish would be lost—quite gone—
Because we tasted just a day too soon.

Wise, truly wise, is Heav'n's divine decree,
Which kindly seal'd secure the book of fate,
Permitting, just as we enjoy, to see—
Instructing hope to paint our future state :
Thus all our moments sweeter glide along,
And sorrow's bitter draught is not so strong.

Had all the ills which we in life have met,
Been fairly laid before th' enquiring eye;
Each pain, each fear, in all its horror set,
Join'd to each tear, and ev'ry panting sigh,
Our days would yield but torment, anguish, woe,
And make life's load too great to undergo.

If pleasure, mantling o'er the cup of care,
Should meet our sense, and strive to banish toil. (glare)

Pain, ghastly, with her haggard eye, would
On infant joy, and crush the new-born smile:
Hence we adore the hand which good be-
stows,

Denies fore-knowledge, mitigates our woes
Yet man, how vain! see all yon gaping throng

Surround old Magus, silver-bearded sage,
The sober, giddy, middle-ag'd and young,
Yea strange! the hoary hairs of reverend age— (vine)

All ask, what fortune? fools! the wise di-
In dark futurity can't read a line.

Fair Clara says he must be more than human,
He wrote a D for Damon, told me more
That happen'd lately, true as I'm a woman.
And said—but hush!—I'm not yet twenty-four.—

Poor, silly maiden, Damon made him wise,
Thee to ensnare; there all his wisdom lies.

Old grub, with trembling hand presents the fee,

Anxious to know if Dromio first shall die;
Th'estate is large from all incumb'rance free;
When he departs the only heir am I—
Sage Magus whispers. Banish every fear,
He'll die, and thou'lt inherit in a year.

One asks promotion; this a hoard of wealth,
A wife chaste, good and fair, large portion too:—

That, pale and wan, says, shall I yet have (health)?

Magus meets all; because he knows each view,

Thus, each hugs in idea many joys,
Till fate moves round, and all their hope destroys.

What fools! should truth unfold the roll of fate, (cold)

And read your fortunes—wanton, wild, a Thy wife—Next poverty—thy best estate I pain and sickness—thou shalt die ere old—
Life would fore-knowledge scourge thy prying soul,

And pain & grief corrode without controll.

Besides, while thus we strive fate's book to scan,

We lose to-day, and act not as we ought :
To serve our God, ourselves, our brother man,

Should be our business, and our constant thought : (row)
My Pollio cease—to know would add to sor-
Believe, obey, "take no thought for to-mor-
row." J. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MATILDA.

SAY dear Matilda, say why hast thou charms?
Why dost thou wound my heart with love's alarms? (love,
Safe thy own breast, untaught by pangs of Thou canst not feel what torture others' prove. (show?)
Why does that face such heavenly beauty Why from those eyes, such sparkling tus-
tress flow?

Why a form, so beauteous, sent from Heav'n,
When only form and not a heart was giv'n?
Ah! say, dear object of my purest love,
Ah say why still thus scornfully reprove
A suppliant slave, to adoration's pow'r,
Seeks but thy smile, to cheer his pensive hour.

When I behold thee, all my soul is flame,
My heart is transport, when I hear thy name;
Wert thou but mine, on earth, I'd think 'twere heav'n,
And vows alternate, interchang'd be giv'n,
Ecstatic pleasures should around us spread,
And faithful constancy, by virtue led.

Entrancing thoughts, what joys waft through my soul,

And ruptures reason scarcely can controul;
My heart beats high, alas! my peace is fled,
No favour'd omen does its influence shed.
O! cruel maid, may thine own bosom feel,
A sharpen'd arrow, pierce thy heart of steel:
Soon mayest thou sigh a passion unreturn'd,
And judge thyself, how bitter 'tis when spurn'd. (breast)

Then, taught by dear experience, may thy With melting pity strive to soothe my rest.

T. D.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE OLD BACHELOR.

WITH pleasure, dear Sir, I perus'd your address,
I ador'd the Almighty's command;
My tender sensations I scarce could suppress,
And I freely now offer my hand.
Nay, be not alarmed at my bluntness and candour,
My nature is open and free;
The children of fashion may throw out their slander,
But inveterates are nothing to me.
The gloomy reserve of the beautiful fair,
Whose eye captivates ev'ry heart,
Will disgust the fond lover she meant to ensnare,
For love is ne'er friendly to art.
My person is comely e'en envy must say,
I've a mind that may well be improv'd;
My temper is mild, but I love my own way,
Yet doubtless he will be belov'd.
But one thing is frequently aid to my charge
By the bucks and the beaux of the town,
They say, and with truth, that my fortune's not large.
But I beseech, my dear Sir, you'll not frown.
Philosopher-like, you will give me your hand,
You've wealth and abundance yourself;
You have books and you've dainties all at your command,
And the noble mind cares not for pelf.
Then give me your heart at the altar of love,
I'll freely give mine in return;
A faithful and dutiful wife I will prove,
And never will cause you to mourn.

A MAID.